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The little Welshman and Van Trevor looked at each other in the rich man's library. The little Welshman was obviously in need of a job. Van Trevor thought. A sense of compassion rose up in him as he inspected the shabby figure.

"Well, Mr. Evans?" he inquired blandly.

"I have come with reference to that advertisement for a man to catalogue your books," said Evans. His heart was thumping madly; he was desperately afraid Van Trevor would see his need and cut down the salary.

"You are acquainted with the classics, I believe?" inquired Van Trevor.

"Yes, sir. I studied Greek and Latin at Cardiff university. I know French and German, a little Hebrew, some Spanish."

Van Trevor extended his hand cordially. "My dear fellow, that is satisfactory," he said. "The work should last about three months. You understand it is not permanent, of course?" he added.

"I only need it for the summer, sir," replied the little Welshman. "I am studying at the Theological seminary. I have a means of working off our board after the term begins."

He hesitated. The use of the plural form had betrayed what he had not been anxious to reveal. "My wife and myself," he explained, hesitating.

Van Trevor nodded. "Well, my dear fellow, about the salary," he said. "Would—er—forty dollars a week be satisfactory?"

The little Welshman could not restrain a gasp. He had expected twenty; he had hoped daringly for twenty-five.

"That's settled, then," said Van Trevor. "And now, Mr. Evans, you



"She's Too Good for That Little Shrimp."

must lunch with me and meet Mrs. Van Trevor.

Mrs. Van Trevor proved to be a little, vivacious brunette. She shook hands with Evans cordially, and they sat down to lunch in a magnificently furnished room, while a butler served them.

Evans was conscious of a painful diffidence. A gentleman by birth, a long period of hardship had made him self-conscious. He wondered whether he was using his knife and fork correctly. The Van Trevers seemed sticklers for etiquette. In Wales one met all classes upon a free and easy basis; here there seemed to be a conventional ritual, a little different, and puzzling. The Van Trevers drew him out about his wife. "You must bring her to see us," said the rich man's wife, as they parted.

II.

Lella Evans' beauty and copper hair was the sensation of Mrs. Van Trevor's afternoon. The girl had been married six months. She had run away from a wealthy home in Cardiff to go to America with the little Welshman. Those six months had been of unmitigated hardship. Her illusions of happiness in the New World were shattered. She loved her husband, but she hated the sordid barrenness of life in furnished lodgings. The visit to the Van Trevers had opened up a new vista of life for her.

She clung to Evans' arm as they left the house together.

"Dear," she said, "Mrs. Van Trevor has asked me to come to the house every day to act as her secretary. What do you think of it? She is going to pay me twenty-five dollars a week!"

Evans was overcome by emotion. "They are splendid people, Lella," he said. "Who would have thought that we should find such good friends in New York? It looks like a prosperous future for us, doesn't it, dear?"

Elsie Van Trevor and her husband sat together in their drawing-room after the guests had gone.

"What do you think of them?" asked Van Trevor.

"She's dear," said Elsie. "She's too good for that little shrimp. Too good altogether."

"Poor little devil!" said Van Trevor. "He told me he's saving up for an operation on his ear. He says it's likely to prove serious some day if he doesn't have it done."

"She's too good for him," his wife repeated, following her train of thought. "I don't see how she came to marry him. If I have any chance I'm going to open her eyes. Why, he isn't even a gentleman, dear."

III.

Elsie Van Trevor had gone to their bungalow at the seashore and taken her secretary with her. The little Welshman was cataloguing the books in the library alone.

He missed his wife greatly. It was their first separation. Somehow he felt that Mrs. Van Trevor's sudden friendship for Lella boded ill for them both. But Lella had been crazy to go; there were to be house parties and all sorts of gaiety, and later Evans was to be invited for a day or two.

Somewhere a bell had been ringing furiously all the morning. The little Welshman wondered where it could be. He threw up the window and looked out. Suddenly a violent pain shot through his head, as if a knife had pierced him. The bell was in his own head. And the pain was stabbing without cessation.

He screamed with the agony of it. He tried to stagger across the room, collapsed, and moaned upon the floor. He saw Van Trevor standing over him a look of fear in his eyes. Then through a period of unconsciousness he grew to a dim realization of the jolting ambulance, the hospital, the white-capped nurses, and the sickening stench of the ether cone.

He opened his eyes to find himself in a bed in the hospital. His head was swathed in bandages.

"You'll do finely now," the nurse said, and he opened his eyes a second time to see Van Trevor at his side.

"How are you, my dear chap?" he asked. "By George, that was tough and go, but the surgeon says you're all right now."

"You haven't told my wife?" asked Evans weakly.

"No. I thought it best not to alarm her," answered the other.

Van Trevor never came again through the slow days of convalescence. Evans' letters to Lella were unanswered. Gradually a sickening fear began to come over the little Welshman, a sense of some undefinable tragedy. At last, when two weeks had passed, he was permitted to leave the hospital. He hurried to the Van Trevor house. The butler, who opened the door, stood in his way.

"Mr. Van Trevor left a letter for you, sir," he said, handing him a missive.

The little Welshman opened it. It stated briefly that the work had come to an end, and included a check for five hundred dollars.

Evans tore the check to pieces and turned away from the house in blind agony and rage.

IV.

The bungalows stood side by side in their trim plots at the edge of the shore. Near by, at the huge hotel, were music and dancing, and the mirth of holiday-makers. Many couples, strolling along the road, looked askance at the seedy little man, with the bandage about his head, who walked hurriedly toward the bungalow at the end of the row.

In the shadow of a pine tree Evans halted. He heard the voices of Van Trevor and his friends, and the uttering laughter of his wife. Then came a laugh that made him clutch at his heart—Lella's.

Then suddenly the little Welshman seemed to become inspired with a strong personality that had never been his. He strode through the open door into the living-room, and stood there at the door.

He saw a look of fear in Van Trevor's eyes, astonishment in the guests', wonder in Lella's. The little, shabby man suddenly dominated the situation.

"Hugh!" exclaimed Lella, leaping to her feet. "You are ill! What is the matter?"

"I have come to take you home, dear," said Evans.

Mrs. Van Trevor advanced with mincing steps. "This is Lella's husband," she explained to the group. "He has been unwell, you know. Mr. Evans, it would really have been more seemly to have written."

"Come, dear," said Evans, taking his wife's arm in his. In that moment he saw all the struggle in the girl's soul; the old love and the new pleasures. It was a hard test for her, beaten by the storms of uncertainty.

"Lella is certainly not going away with you," exclaimed Elsie Van Trevor angrily. "This is an outrage! Lella, dear, we will protect you."

With a swift, passionate gesture Evans tore the bracelets from Lella's arms, the pendant from her neck, and cast them down. And, while they still stared at them, they were gone, and Lella clung to her husband's neck in the darkness.

"Hugh, dearest!" she wept. "What was it? Why didn't you write? I didn't know you had been ill. They wanted me to get a divorce—O, Hugh, if you hadn't come they would have made me do anything—anything. Keep me! Guard me! Never leave me again!"

And in her husband's clasp she felt at last a safeguard against the dangers that had beset her, and knew that henceforward their real life would be together.

His Disinclination.

"Come, my husband," invited Deacon Hawbee, addressing a stranger who had wandered into the revival meeting. "don't you want to fine de heavenly band?" "No, sah; but t'ankes for de bid, dees de same!" was the polite reply. "I done played de trombone in a minstrel band all last season, and isn't got no dan half muh sal'ry twell plumb yet!"—Kansas City Star.

Grease the Nail.

All mechanics know that a nail when oiled or greased is much more readily driven through hard woods. Elmer S. Ellis of Pomona, Cal., has devised a receptacle for grease or other lubricant, to be contained in the handle of a hammer into which the nail can be inserted and withdrawn without wasting the lubricant and at little loss of time.—National Magazine.

General Omission.

People occasionally announce their intention of "summering" or "wintering" here or there, but oddly enough they never say they will "fall" or "spring" in any place in particular.

Ancient City of Vilna

VILNA has been one of the most important objectives of the Teutonic driven in Russia. A description of this railway, trading and manufacturing city is given by the National Geographic Society.

Vilna is a city of 170,000, an industrial and trade center, situated in the midst of a region of tangled forests, lying lakes, at the intersection of the railways from Warsaw to Petrograd and from Lban, the Baltic port, to Rostol, at the mouth of the Don. It lies nearly mid-way between the cities of Grodno and Dvinsk, two other points upon the Warsaw-Petrograd railway. Petrograd lies 436 miles away to the north-northwest of Vilna, and the country in between is a labyrinth of lake, morass, woodland and wet meadowland. It is more than 110 miles from the German frontier, toward which it is guarded by the fortress of Kovno in the northwest.

Ancient and Prosperous.

The city is an ancient one, of which fact its appearance bears every testimony. For its irregular ground-plan straggles among, around and over the knot of low hills upon which the city is built in accordance with the traditional aimlessness of the middle ages. Its streets are narrow and not especially well-kept. It wears, however, a general air of comfortable prosperity; for Vilna sends large quantities of goods to the Black sea and to the Baltic. It handles a very extensive business in grains and timber, articles which it exported before the present war in great quantities to Germany, Holland and to England. It also has important textile and leather industries. Vilna manufactures considerable tobacco, knit goods, clothing, artificial flowers and gloves.

The old town is rich in memories. A mass of ruins that were once a brilliant castle of the Jagellons is here. Vilna was probably founded in the early part of the tenth century, but

as first mentioned as the chief fortified town of the Lithuanians in 1128. It was the nucleus about which the great Lithuanian power grew, and a capital in which the ancient religious service was continued until the end of the fourteenth century. The god Perkunas was housed here in a splendid temple and protected his people in their swamp and woodland until the temple was destroyed ruthlessly in 1387 by Prince Jagiello after his conversion and baptism.

Wars, plague and destructive fires have played havoc with the city's prosperity and growth. It was nearly ruined altogether in the seventeenth century, during the struggle between Russia and Poland. Russia finally took possession of the city in 1795, after Poland's partition. The Poles of Vilna aided the uprisings against their Russian overlords in 1831 and in 1863, and bitter punishment was administered for this by the czar's government. The native Russian element in the city is small. It is estimated that more than 50 per cent of the population is Jewish, while the Lithuanians and Poles make up the greatest part of the remainder.

Something About Kovno.

Kovno, the key to the railway system of northwestern Russia, is the central fortress in the Russian northwestern chain of frontier strongholds. It stands at the confluence of the Niemen and the Viliya rivers, east of central East Prussia. Petrograd lies 550 miles by railroad to the northwest, while behind Kovno, and between this fortress and Petrograd, the Russian plain is strewn with thickets with lakes as fallow meadow lands are with July and August daisies. Mifau, Kovno, Grodno and Lemberg lie nearly in the same line, north and south.

The railway from Eydtkuhnen, East Prussia, to Vilna runs through Kovno, and at its terminus joins the trunkline between Warsaw and Petrograd. Kovno is a fortress of the first class, and has been considerably strengthened in recent years. Its main defense consists of a girdle of 11 forts, surrounding the town in an arc with a radius of about two and one-half miles. The fork of the river junction is an important feature of the city's strength. Here it is guarded by three forts in the direction of Vilna, one of which commands the Vilna bridge. The fortress is 55 miles from the East Prussian border.

Kovno has shared in the expansion caused by the demands of the present generation of Russians for a home industry of sufficient development to hasten the supply of the young nation with the material element of modern civilization. It has developed several important metal industries, and has large factories producing nails, wire, barbed wire and machines. It has also developed a large commission business, and was an important entrepot for timber, cereals, flax, flour, spirits, fish, coal and building stone, products of trade between western Russia and Prussia. It has a population of about 75,000. Kovno was founded in the eleventh century, and, between 1384 and 1398, it was a possession of the Teutonic Knights.

Expansiveness of Compound Interest.

The wealth of the world grows very slowly and the amount of real saving is amazingly small. If, for example, the wealth of the United States when George Washington became president was equivalent to a billion dollars (and that perhaps is not a bad guess), and this amount could have steadily earned a little over five per cent every year since, this gain, compounded, would exceed the present estimated wealth of this country. This means that all the rest of the saving and the gains from new enterprises and a rapidly increasing population have only just about balanced the annual waste



RIVER FRONT OF VILNA

and loss. True, more than two-thirds of the wealth of nations is still the human machine and not the visible taxable property. But the fact serves to show how slight is the annual gain even in the premier get-rich-quick country of the world—the United States.—Carl Snyder in Collier's Weekly.

Life in Its Various Forms.

The sea teems with plant and animal life, and it has been estimated that the amount of life in the sea exceeds that of the land, square mile for square mile. Animal life is found nearly everywhere, even at the greatest depths; but it flourishes best at or near the shore. On the other hand, plant life seems to be absent over the bottoms of the ocean basins, but plentiful at the surface, where the sunlight plays an important part in its growth.

When Death Supervenes.

Indicating that the old and the young are most subject to the call of death, the Springfield (Ill.) survey of the Russell Sage Foundation shows that in 1910 in that city 140 infants died to each 1,000 infants less than one year old, 67 died to each 1,000 more than sixty-five years old and only seven died to each 1,000 from twenty-five to forty-four years of age.

Anxious to Please.

"So you are expected to do a kind act every day?" "Yes," replied the boy scout. "How about today?" "Well, the teacher has been having a little trouble with me. Don't you think I might stay away from school and give her a rest?"

New Zealand has only one town with a population of more than 100,000.

They Are the Superb Black Opals, Which Are Found Only in One Desolate Spot.

American women were greatly excited over the magnificent show of black opals which the Australian government sent to the Panama exposition. These exquisite gems, which were practically unknown up till comparatively recently, cost more, carat for carat, than do diamonds even, while experts declare that they are superbly beautiful.

And in this connection it may be pointed out that the term "black opal" is distinctly misleading. It was coined to distinguish it from the familiar "light opal." As a matter of fact the black opal is alive with myriad shades of flaming splendor, from brightest tints of green glowing fire to meteoric gold or lavender, that in an instant quivers to crimson, or slips into molten ruby or sapphire, as the angle of light alters.

Black opals are so dear, not only be-

cause they are so beautiful, but because they are so rare. They are found only at one spot, a comparatively small tract of ground in New South Wales, adjoining the Queensland border.

The field is called Lightning Ridge. It is a wild and desolate spot. The nearest towns to it are Walgett and Collaredabri, and it is about 600 miles from Sydney, as the crow flies.

Black opal mining is about the biggest gamble extant. There is really nothing to guide the miner in selecting a likely spot. The work is hard, and all rock has to be "bucketed" to the top. Water is scarce, food almost unobtainable. On the other hand, the prospector who is lucky enough to stumble upon a "pocket" of fair-sized, flawless stones reaps a fortune forthwith.—Pearson's Magazine.

Get Wrong Impression.

"A heap of unapprehensions," remarked Uncle Eben, "is due to de way a girl figures out de chance of a man's bein a good provider by his willingness to buy ice cream soda."

CARE OF THE TABLE LINEN

Its Life May Be Materially Lengthened if It Is Always Handled Properly.

Careful housewives who fear the effects of fruit stains on their best table linen often lay it aside during the fruit season and use in its place table squares with the square dollies or the round table coverings with the round dollies to match.

These are chosen of the linen or patterned damask, preferably with the scalloped edges or the simple hem-stitched hems. Under them are used the asbestos mats, which perfectly protect the polished table top. Many are using the Japanese sets, made of the cotton toweling. These are herringbone together to make the square cover the desired size, some even having the blue linen knotted to form a fringe. They are pretty and cool looking with the blue Dresden china.

The use of the smaller table linens, apparently, increases the size of the laundry. But in reality it is less work to do up a number of the small pieces than it is to wash and iron the large, heavy tablecloths.

Almost all stains are removed quite readily with plain boiling water, which must be applied before any soap is used. Soap always sets a stain. But if the stain is stubborn and refuses to come out for the hot water, then salts of lemon may be applied, and the article should be allowed to stand in the sun while it dries.

Then rinse in cold water and apply the salts a second time if there are any traces of the stain still on the cloth. One may also use spirits of wine, ammonia or javel water, which latter must be rinsed out almost immediately for fear it may damage the material.

For grease or gravy spots, plain yellow soap rubbed well into them, then the boiling water turned through, will remove them at once. One must be careful with the laundry list while using the small tableware, for the loss of a few dollies spoils the set.

HELPFUL HINTS

When ironing delicate garments put powdered orris root between the folds of the ironing blanket. A delicate perfume will permeate the clothing.

Almost all vegetables—except beans—should be cooked in as little water as possible; then this water should be thickened with butter, cream and the tiniest amount of flour for the sauce.

To make boots waterproof melt together two parts beeswax to one part of mutton fat. Apply this to the leather at night, and in the morning wipe well with a piece of flannel.

If a magnet is kept in the hook and eye box, it will be an easy matter to pick up the hooks and eyes, and any hook that will not be picked up by the magnet, do not use, because it will rust.

Every cellar should have many shelves for the convenience of the housekeeper. There should be one or two hanging shelves. By this means the cellar may be kept in order and sanitary.

The Proper Spoon.

No other kitchen utensil will hasten the labor of cooking quite so much as the proper spoon.

Beating spoons which are split or perforated are essential for obtaining light and fluffy mixtures in the shortest time.

The tongs-spoon is an invaluable help in handling hot eggs, potatoes, etc. The strainer spoon and the measuring spoon, which usually come in sets of three, are found to be indispensable after a cook has once become accustomed to the use of them. For one dollar a complete supply of spoons can be put in the kitchen.

Walnut Bread.

One and one-half cups graham flour, one and one-half cups white flour, one-half teaspoonful baking powder. Sift these once. Add one-half cupful molasses in which one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water has been stirred. Then add one-half cupful chopped walnuts and one and one-quarter to one and one-half cups of milk, enough to make a drop batter. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Persimmon Pudding.

One-half gallon good, ripe persimmons, strained through a colander, with one-half gallon of sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful nutmeg, two eggs well beaten, one quart flour or enough to make batter consistency of cake batter, butter size of an egg, one and one-half cups sugar, one good-sized sweet potato grated and one teaspoonful salt. Bake one hour.

Custard and Spinach.

Boil a quart of spinach in salted water until tender and press dry, setting aside until cold. Beat two eggs, add a teaspoonful of salt and gradually a pint of hot milk, stirring well. Add the finely chopped spinach and cook in hot water until firm. Cut in cubes when cold and serve as a garnish with clear soup.

Uses for Sour Milk.

No sour milk or cream should be wasted; put in an earthen jar little by little, until you have a cupful; as soon as it thickens, use it for cottage cheese, griddle cakes, biscuits, corn or ginger bread; sour cream may also be used for filling the cake.

Sausages Baked in Potatoes.

Pare large potatoes and cut a hole in them lengthwise with an apple corer. Draw through each potato a small sausage, place them in a pan and lay a slice of bacon on top of each potato. Paste with hot water if necessary and bake until potatoes are done.

Corn Fritters.

Cut from the ears a pint of green corn. Beat together a cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one egg whipped light, salt to taste and enough flour to make a thin batter. Into this stir the grated corn. Beat hard and cook, as you would griddle cakes, upon a soapstone griddle.

Good Pasture for Hogs.

Hogs cannot be raised with profit without good pasture.

Watch Colt's Feet.

Watch the feet of the growing colt.



BEST WIDTH OF GOOD ROADS

Old Turnpikes, Still Our Best Roadways, Were Not Wide—Built for Service and Profit.

One of the best roads I have ever driven over was just wide enough for two vehicles to pass without scraping the paint off each other's hubs. I am not sure that sometimes the hubs did not touch. But it was a road that was always in good condition and the men who kept it up seemed to do so with comparative ease, writes W. H. Rose of Iowa in Farm Progress.

Some of the old turnpikes, still our best roadways, were not a rod in width. When these roads were built they were built for both service and profit, and in figuring the future profits the builders saw that the wider the roadway and the wheel track the more maintenance cost and, therefore, the less profit.

It is a pity that the men who laid out the first 60-foot and 66-foot highways hadn't taken a leaf from the book of the turnpike builders. If they had we would not have millions of acres of land lying worse than idle along our public highway right of ways.

Say that the road runs 20 miles from county seat to county seat. Along its length there will be anywhere from 89 to 120 acres of land growing up in weeds, road grass, brush and thickets where it is not being washed into deep roadside gullies. Why, in some states there is a full half million acres of land that is being wasted in just that way and land in these states is selling anywhere from \$30 to \$200 an acre!

Many of the best and most famous roads of Europe are but 16½ feet in width and they handle some of the very heaviest highway traffic. Right now in those counties and townships in this country where hard roads, permanent highways, are being constructed, few of them are being built more than 18 feet wide and a good many of them are even narrower.

The railroads, wasteful as they are in some things, are beginning to realize the waste of a useless right of way.

An Improved Road in Maryland.

A road running through Illinois has its track fringed with alfalfa. Some farmers have resented the waste and are beginning to cultivate the land out to the wheel tracks. This may cause a little trouble at times, but after all it is not a great deal better than letting the roadsides grow up in ironweeds, sumacs, briars and thickets.

Any of our road vehicles needs no more than a six-foot clearance. Figure out for yourself how many farm wagons could drive abreast on a 60-foot highway and then try to imagine any necessity for any such arrangement. On a highway one rod in width there is room for two vehicles to pass with about four and one-half feet to spare. Why have the roads, then, 66 feet wide?

Some of these days our roads will be narrowed. We have not really felt the pinch of a real land need as yet. When we do, then there will be a sudden narrowing of these wide stretches that are now weed incubators and seeders. In the meantime why not make some use of the soil flanking the public highways? Why not seed it in grass and mow it as you would a meadow? Of course the land belongs to the state, to the public, but it is worse than useless. Why not make it give some return to someone?

Away With Grain Insects.

On the farm, grain and grain products stored in tight bins may be most effectively fumigated with carbon bisulphide. If the building is nearly airtight and temperature is about 70 degrees, four pounds of the chemical is sufficient for 1,000 cubic feet of space, or one pound for every 35 bushels of grain.

Honey-Making Material.

Alfalfa offers one of the best honey-making materials. Alfalfa is also valuable, as is sweet clover.

Right Amount of Roughage.

Remember that a little too much roughage will be just about enough.

Cheapest Wood.

The wood that longest resists decay is cheapest in the end.

Good Pasture for Hogs.

Hogs cannot be raised with profit without good pasture.

Watch Colt's Feet.

Watch the feet of the growing colt.

ADD SALAD DISHES TO MENU

People Today Eat Too Much Cooked Food That Is Frequently Lacking in Nutritive Qualities.

It has long been a joke how cats and dogs, when out of sorts, fly to grass or some kind of green food for relief. The animal known by instinct what only a few human beings are beginning to learn from experience—namely, that nature has provided vegetables of the leaf order, rich in mineral salts. These salts possess a double power—they not only combine with the acids and poisons in the body, rendering them powerless, but they also drive them out of the system altogether.

It is not too much to say that no great mental, moral or physical progress can be made without an ample supply of this vegetable food. Salad is the one ingredient of our regular diet which we cannot afford to do without.

Some people say salad is cold and indigestible, that cabbage, if eaten raw, needs only two and a half hours for digestion, as against five hours when boiled! The boiling of green foods destroys the original organic combination of the mineral salts.

The blood of a healthy person should be alkaline—that is, the opposite of acid—and it is the alkaline salts in vegetables which bring about this healthy condition.

Many thousands of men and women of all ages suffer from anemia, from having lived almost entirely on cooked food.

To those long accustomed to highly flavored food, salads will at first seem tasteless, but a liking for them comes with use.

Salad should be very carefully washed in several changes of clean water. This is essential. During washing the leaves should be well picked over and inspected.

Leaves should be torn, not cut. When done, they can be allowed to soak for an hour, or overnight, but not longer in cold water, to which a little lemon juice has been added to increase the crispness of the leaves.

The Japanese use the petals of many flowers for salads. Chrysanthemums, stocks, violets, roses, nasturtiums and dandelions are especially good, as they possess strong antitoxic powers.

PARSNIP NOT GIVEN ITS DUE

With Proper Preparation the Vegetable Should Be One of the Greatest Table Favorites.

Do you like parsnips? If you don't, why don't you? If they cost as much as French artichokes—which have far less flavor—wouldn't you like them? Perhaps the reason they have never appealed to you is because they are so common that they are fed to the cattle. Often our likes and dislikes for food are based on such reasoning.

Of course, parsnips must be carefully cooked to be really worth the eating. Baked parsnips have a delicious flavor. To prepare them, wash them and pare them and steam them until tender. Then slice them lengthwise and put them in a baking dish, with butter and pepper and salt sprinkled over them. Bake them until brown in a moderate oven.

Parsnip salad is made of parsnips that have been steamed until tender, sliced crosswise, dredged in flour and fried brown in butter. Chill them and put them on lettuce leaves and add a teaspoonful of chopped ham and one of hard-boiled egg chopped fine to each plate. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over them and serve with mayonnaise.

Parsnip fritters are made from mashed boiled parsnips. To a pint of it add a teaspoonful of flour, a well-beaten egg and salt and pepper. Make into flat cakes and fry brown.

Scalloped parsnips: Mix two cups of cold, mashed parsnips with two tablespoonfuls of butter and cream enough to make smooth. Put in a pudding dish, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake until brown.

White Bread.

Into your bread mixer put one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a heaping tablespoonful of lard. Then pour in one pint of boiling water; stir until smooth and allow to cool. Add one quart of lukewarm water and one-half a yeast cake dissolved in one cupful of lukewarm water. Then add flour enough to make a firm dough; knead until smooth. In the morning mold into loaves and allow to raise. Bake for one hour. This recipe makes three loaves.

Italian Mould.

Cook two tablespoonfuls of rice until tender in a pint of milk in a double saucepan, with the very thin rind of a lemon. Sweeten to taste, add three sheets of leaf gelatin and the yolks of three eggs. Let cook in a double saucepan a few minutes longer to cook the yolks; add the whites, stiffly beaten and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Pour into a wetted mould and turn out when stiff and set.

Fine-Grained Cake.

One egg, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one and one-half cups flour, one and one-half cups baking powder, one-half cupful milk, flavor. Bake in round tins. Put together with jelly. Frost with a tablespoonful butter, one cupful of powdered sugar, little milk and flavor. Put this cake together with whipped cream.

Cabbage and Rice.

Roll one head of cabbage weighing about two pounds, in salted water until done. Boil in another pan, cupful of washed rice. Drain, when cooked, of all but a little water. Fry one onion in four slices of salt pork. Mix these all together and boil up for one minute. Season to taste.

Original Molasses Cookies.

One-half cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and lard, cream together with sugar, one-half cupful molasses, one-half cupful sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful ginger, one tea-spoonful soda in flour, flour enough to roll; roll thin and bake in not over five minutes.